

ing down bean poles. Grass is coming up and cocktails are going down. The weather reminds me of what I read in the *New York Herald* the other day. A fellow was writing about a visit to Central Park, and he wrote:

"Across the Mall lay dappled shadows, and where the branches of the trees did not intervene, slant javelin shafts of sunlight pierced their way and fell upon fairy forms too beautiful for description."

That fellow must have been eating soup made of six parts dictionaries and eight parts stricken deer novels. He can find lots of dappled shadows down at Fulton Market nowadays.

HISTORY OF PITTSBURGH.

Pittsburgh is hemmed in by hills. These hills are full of bituminous coal. Bituminous coal is sold by the bushel, instead of by the ton. Pittsburgh was hemmed in before sewing machines were invented. It is on a triangular plain, a point formed by the confluence of the Monongahela and Allegheny rivers, and these two rivers form the Ohio. Fort Duquesne, celebrated in the old French and colonial wars, stood here. It is decayed to pieces now. The Orleans, the first steamboat that ever plied, sailed

hided, cleaved, or cloved the Western waters
was built here in 1811. Pittsburgh was a village
at the close of the Revolution, and some of the
people look as if they had worn their clothes
ever since the Revolution. On the 13th of Janu-
ary, 1785, the first catfish was discovered in
Ohio, and the inhabitants to this day think them
a species of whale. The only ship that I have
seen here that resembles New York shipping
was a lugger. It was a woman lugging a pile of
kindling wood home.

In 1796 Pittsburgh had 1,385 inhabitants. On
of 'em died. Then it had only 1,394 inhabitants.

He died Sunday. They arrested a man once for dying Sunday. By natural increase and several families moving in here, Pittsburgh has more people than it had in 1796. It has a dingy appearance, and its citizens are likewise. A stranger to 10 A. M. the people are awful dingy. A stranger would think from the looks of those people that he was in an African village. One can't wear a white shirt half the morning before it is half in mourning, and before noon it will be a black. I smoked that a piece of it answers in the place of smoked glass to look at eclipses with. The smoke settles so thick on the shirt bosoms that

the citizens keep an accurate account of their milk bills on 'em, using a wooden toothpick for a pen. Hence the term Pennsylvania.

CURIOSITIES OF PITTSBURGH.

Monongahela whiskey is grown here. Large numbers of the inhabitants are said to be abstemious—that is, when folks are looking at 'em.

Pittsburgh has schools. I hear that a boy was actually held spellbound in one of 'em the other day. He couldn't spell spool. The master kicked him down stairs, and then told the boy's father that he was initiating his son into the

mysteries of the solar system. He did it with the sole of his boot. There is some complaint about this school. Last week a pious lad ran a broadawl into another lad about a yard, and we called to account about it laughed, and called awt-swice. That boy will never be a schoolmarm. New York city has 2,072 lager beer shops and 3,136 groceries, by which you will see there are too many groceries. Pittsburgh is full o' em, both kinds. To-day I met the man who built the gates, on Gates avenue, Brooklyn. We held sweet converse on

WHAT I KNOW ABOUT BOATING.

"Says he, 'Hail from York?'"

"No," said I, "I came by rail."

"Well," said he, "I see by the papers that the Atlanta boat crew have gone to Europe."

"They have, sir," says I.

"Did they take a shell with 'em," says he.

"What in thunder would they want of a shell?" says I.

"To row in," says he.

"You old pudding-head," says I, "they don't row in a shell, they row in a boat."

"Sir," says he, "a shell is a boat."

"Stranger," I replied, "I have travelled extensively, and I never heard of a boat that rowed."

"I couldn't I have ever met so cussed green that I couldn't tell a boat from a clam," he said.

He looked amazed and so did I. Then he said, "What kind of sculls did they take?"

"Turn it," says I. "they took their own sculls."

"He they dip 'em light in the water?" says he.

"Here I edged away from the fellow, and asked him what reason he had to suppose that they took their own sculls in the water?"

"Why, to row with 'em, that I he."

"Hang it," says I, "they don't row with their sculls, they row with oars."

"Sir," says he, "you know a pile about boating."

Then I asked him did he really think he could make me believe any such nonsense as that, and

That fellow insisted that he was right, and continued to elucidate nautical matters until I got things mixed enough to kill three ordinary seamen and a few of the crew. I told him to be "of pulling steadily at port," when he didn't drink anything stronger than coffee, as he said that a crew would be more likely to react with a cock-swain than without one. I got disgusted and told him to go. He was sailing ten knots an hour, when he lost his watch overboard, and the damned fool cut a notch in the side of the boat to tell where he lost it, so he could go back and get it.

PITTSBURGH ITEMS.

Fathers are called heads of families in Pittsburgh.

There was once so much small-pox here, why this place is called Pittsburgh.

R. W. Cakes has his team for the winter. O'Griddle is going to him.

Pittsburgh is a well-organized city. There is one on every corner. The third stanza of "F. Goes the Weasel," is the favorite air.

Instinct is encroaching upon the sacred domain of the "Horned Lizard." A man here the other day cut the right wing off a chicken, at the left wing off that chicken's step-sister, and roasted on a stick to keep them from flying.

INGENUITY OF A BOSTON DRUMMER.
Merchants in Pittsburgh keep cannon in front of their doors to keep the Boston drummers away. But Yankee ingenuity will overcome almost every difficulty. One dark night one of those drummers crawled down a load of those apples with a tin of apples, and holding his drum opposite and yelling "Yankees," the man who owned the store, until the man was mad and fired the cannon off, sending the drummer's samples into a store opposite, and making a good deal of noise, and the man with the apples and drum and the man with the

from those samples before he left the store.

A WESTERN PRAIRIE.

I append the only real picture of a Western prairie ever taken; it was taken on the spot is a night scene, as seen by night:

*	*	*	*	*	*
1		2			3
*	*	*	*	*	*
10		4			11
*	*	*	*	*	*
5					6

1. Prairie chicken. 7. North.

2. Herd of cattle. 8. The mountains.

3. Packard of cattle. 9. The.

4. Bison droving. 10. The.

5. Silvery sheen. 11. The.

6. Space.

All the blank part is grass. The stars are supposed to be shining on the grass. The numbers 9, 7, and 5 are part of a message that is sent out of the design by design. Copy is secured.

L. A. Evans, J. A. Evans

SATURDAY, JUNE FIRST.—Deposits will be taken in the Mutual Savings bank at 10 o'clock. The interest will draw interest from date made.